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ASTASIS

WM. R. TOMLINSON.

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METASTASIS

METASTASIS

BY

WM. R. TOMLINSON

LATE RECTOR OF SHERFIELD ENGLISH, SOUTHAMPTON

London

GEORGE REDWAY

1896

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

THIS POEM, written in colloquial rhyme, is founded on the Bible's ground of conditional immortality. As St. Paul says: "This mortal must put on immortality": which implies, that man, being born mortal, cannot be at the same time immortal; immortality having to be "put on," or attained. Mr. Gladstone writes of man as "immortalisable," and no man has made a keener remark than Mr. Gladstone on Jehovah's, not only denying immortality to man, but even a future life; and causing Moses to kill off those Jews who dared to teach it. Mr. Gladstone told us in "The Nineteenth Century," for October, 1891: "The great work of Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, 1837-41, made us familiar with the belief of the Egyptians, not only in a future life, but in a life of future restitution. The Persians, too, had a developed doctrine of a future state like that of Egypt. There is evidence, based on necromancy among the people, to show that it subsisted among the Hebrews as a private opinion."

We think we have a clue here which points out why Moses, who was "learned in the wisdom of Egypt," therefore had heard about a future life, so strongly objected to being made the mouthpiece of Jehovah; but he was compelled nevertheless.

It was not until David's time that any Jew dared to talk openly of a future life; and David only adjudicated it for himself, as we read in the sixteenth Psalm. It was Solomon who first struck the grand keynote, the golden key, when he said: "In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death (Prov. xii. 28). We read in the Prophets about "saving the *soul* alive." And this conditional immortality is the keynote of the Gospel: "If a man keep My sayings he shall never see death." Of course his body dies. "I am come that they may have life, and that more abundantly." But this brings with it the alternative: "The chaff he will burn up." "Fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

Life and death are the foundation of the teaching of Jesus, the great pivot on which all his engines turn; and the Epistles all tell the same tale.

Let it be especially noted that the term, "Everlasting punishment" is an evasive rendering of the last words of Matt. xxv. *Kolasís* is the Greek word, translated "punishment"; and we have but to look into a Greek dictionary to see its true meaning, for it tells the *kind* of punishment. *Kolasís* means excision as a branch from a tree, which lopping is *death to the branch*. So it is a punishment after all; but the punishment of death in contrast to life. Life and mere punishment are no contrasts. Death, then, as the alternative of life, is the true meaning of that text which has sent so many to the mad-house from Church purposes.

PREFACE

MR VALPY, in his Greek Testament with notes, tells us shortly, in the case of both St Matthew x. 39 and St John xii. 25, "The word *psuche* is there by metonymy put for life." This looks like judgment of the Greek, for the true meaning of *psuche* is, "the breath of life, the soul," not "life." The New Version, in its notes, suggests that the word *psuche* should be translated literally "soul," thus implying that the renderings should have been, respectively, "He that findeth his soul shall lose it," and "He that loveth his soul shall

lose it," giving, in both cases, a bad character to the soul. And with regard to the *dictum* of Mr Valpy, I cannot withhold my opinion that, in yielding to the Old Version, and calling *psuche* "life" instead of "soul," or "the breath of life," is simply metastasis, for which there is no justifiable authority.

That the literal interpretation is the true one, late experiments in hypnotism by men of high reputation for morality and integrity of purpose have gone far to testify, bearing witness to the truth of what has been called "The appalling fact—viz., the immense moral difference there may be between what are called the conscious and the sub-conscious personalities of the same individual." Assuming, then, that what is called the sub-conscious personality is but another word for what the Greek Testament calls the *psuche* or soul, in

man as a trinity, I confess my belief that the Christian world is under great obligations to certain high-minded scientists who have brought out, so prominently and so deftly, through hypnotism aided by photography, the truth concerning the natural evil tendencies of the soul, sent probably on earth with view to its improvement ; and there is no hypnotist to whom we are indebted more fully than to Professor Jules Janet, whose writings in the *Deux Mondes*, on the subject before us, are so satisfactory and explicit. And when we find him further bringing prominently to his aid the comparatively new science of photography with the greatest success, and that, too, through the co-operation of one who bears a name highly honoured among the Society for Psychical Research, of London, our content in these researches is complete.

We would acknowledge also our obligations to the *Review of Reviews* for bringing the efforts of these workers to light, for the benefit of the English public, so long ago as in its Christmas Number for 1891. It tells us, "The theory of these researches is that, besides the body and the mind—meaning, by the mind, the conscious personality—there is within our natural frame the soul or unconscious personality. This latest tenet of advanced science has thus landed us back to the apostolic assertion that man is composed of body, soul, and spirit." And in this same number, the *Review of Reviews* brought forward a very noted instance of the qualities of body, soul, and spirit, told by M. Janet, under the name of "The Three Leonies," which tale was repeated in "Borderland" for April 1895. We are bound, however, to confess that

“The Three Leonies,” symbols of man as a trinity—body, soul, and spirit—are not presented to us by M. Janet as by any means a happy family living together in amity. On the contrary, it may be plainly asserted that the three personalities bore no good-will to each other at all—at any rate as regards the second with the first, and the third with the second. Indeed, we have M. Janet’s assertion that the sub-conscious personality (opened out by hypnotism, and thereby causing a transfiguration of the body of the first, as shown by the permanent impression of photography, in two photographs in the text of the *Review of Reviews* for Christmas 1891) marked her scorn of the conscious personality, the external possession of the body, in these words : “That good woman is not I, she is so stupid” ; while the third and profounder stratum of conscious-

ness in the same individual, not seen in photography, but heard by M. Janet, remarked, concerning the second personality : " I am not this babbler, this mad woman. . . . There is no resemblance between us at all." These points, however painful they appear, are highly useful for my purpose, as my object is to show that the soul, in itself, is evil, and that it is sent here for its improvement.

What strange, uncongenial companions are these, for perhaps a whole earth life ! There is something in M. Richet's description of " The Three Leonies " to give ample room for thought for us all. And one is apt to ask : " Are all ' spirits in prison ' hanging about in the air."

For further details concerning M. Janet's history of " The Three Leonies " I would refer the reader to the Appendix.

A PROBLEM

“HE that findeth his *soul* (Greek *psuche*) shall lose it; and he that loseth his *soul* (Greek *psuche*) for my sake, shall find it” (Matt. x. 39, as corrected by the Notes of the New Version).

“HE that loveth his *soul* (Greek *psuche*) shall lose it; and he that hateth his *soul* (Greek *psuche*) in this world shall keep it unto life eternal” (Greek *Zoe aionios*) (John xii. 25, as corrected by the Notes of the New Version).

“This wisdom is not a wisdom that cometh

down from above, but is earthly, *psychical* (Greek *psuchicos*), devilish " (James iii. 15). "This is Elijah that was to come" (Matt. xi. 14).

"Then understood the disciples that He spake unto them of John the Baptist" (Matt. xvii. 13).

"*Grant* us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting" (Daily Prayers).

"Keep us from everlasting death." (Church of England Catechism).

"The soul once begotten and made an individual, is immortal, until its own perverse will extinguishes it. For the fire of the soul must be kept alive by the Divine Breath, if it is to endure for ever. It must converge, not diverge. If it diverges it will be dissipated. The end of progress is unity; the end of

degradation is division. The soul, therefore, which ascends, tends more and more to union with and absorption into the Divine" (The Perfect Way, by Dr Anna Kingsford).

METASTASIS

THERE is but one God living, true,
And everlasting. To our view
He hath no body, parts, nor passions,
Yet all things infinite He fashions.
And ah ! how great a thing to be
With that great God in unity !
We hold that man is prone to sin
Which with his soul hath origin,
Yet, that he is a trinity
Partaking of Divinity.
God, angels, and humanity
Are no triune inanity ;

As the body, soul, and spirit
Are attributes of diverse merit.
Since the great God, we deem, has made us,
So, to Him we look to aid us.
The God, whom John hath said, is "Love."
We ask nought better from above.
"The living God" of Peter, Paul,
And Barnabas ; Paul's "All in All,"
Who taught his followers to despise
"Gods," who sought beasts for sacrifice,
"Gods," who themselves not wanting food,
Yet, above all things, craved for blood.
Of old, it was said : "Thou shalt not kill,"
But one said : "Anger is an ill
Of the same essence, the same will."
And sure, it savours of the sod,
To realise an angry God.
"Love thou thy neighbour." This was said
By One in old time held in dread.

But One said : " Love your enemies."
From whence the higher source of bliss ?
These scathing words were not exempt
From something very like contempt,
When plainly blended with the others,
Shewing men where to find their brothers.
Though Jupiter men now refuse,
" Gods " are still found with the Hindus.
" Gods " are a tenet of the Jews :
" Thou shalt have no gods before me,"
But alone thou shalt adore Me,
" Who is so great a God as ours ? "
Imply not God, but " Gods " as powers.
And still, in many realms afar,
" The Gods " abound beyond all par.
Of course they swarm in Africa.
And, until such assumptions cease,
There can be neither hope nor peace,
When Gods are guided by caprice.

So Jupiter was first to fall,
A warning for the pride of all.
We read, of late, in "Light," a lamp,
Of the great Jove surnamed "a scamp,"
Where an old, wise Italian friend,*
Tells a great truth for noble end :
How Christian knowledge proved success,
It freed Rome's empire from the press
Of "scamps," who filled the atmosphere,
Yet were called "Gods," afar and near.
It is well the Signor comes once more,
Stanch and, as erstwhile, to the fore,
To tell of ancient astral clods,
And tell the world of God, not "Gods."
Ay ! we agree with him and Pope :
"All here is for the best, we hope :
"Discord, harmony not understood ;

* Signor Fenzi, of Leghorn, in a letter to "Light," of June 29th 1895.

“Partial evil, universal good.”

Yet we must ever rest aware

That “scamps” are still found in the air.

That is no proof, I would discern,

That honest souls do not return.

But proof that, though above the clouds,

They must not dare to pose as Gods.

And so, when men now, as of yore,

Would ask the use of Christian lore,

We have shewn that, checked by many odds,

It killed plurality of Gods.

It freed the great repute of Rome

From a long-borne degrading gloam ;

And, for the end of truth and peace,

It did the same good work for Greece.

It was a wondrous work of gain,

Just through a dozen fishermen.

Moses ne’er worked deeds with his rod,

Like turning Rome from “Gods” to God.

So, if God makes souls all around
Faulty, it is for reasons sound,
Which by right seeking may be found.
If ill could not be understood
We could not understand the good.
If evil did not show its stress,
We never could see righteousness.
If innate right were for our race,
Progress would be quite out of place.
And, as man has his bread to get,
And must not steal nor get in debt,
It is well that he should be born selfish,
Like octopus, or any shell-fish,
Or land-crabs, that are quite as bad,
On the lesser Trinidad.
Selfish, indeed, because his whole
Is born but flesh and grovelling soul.
And, though the spirit there must lurk,
It has not yet begun its work.

I speak in bated terms, of course ;
I would not linger on the worse,
Especially as man the setter
Should be of means for growing better ;
And, as in great disparity,
Should learn the need of charity.
But can man be a child of wrath ?
God without passions is set forth.
And this great thought was brought to us,
We think by one, Copernicus.
Who by deep intuition proved,
That all the myriad planets moved
In circuit, causing day and night ;
And that all space is infinite ;
That it is our special lot
To track a planet, just a spot ;
Which erst was praised, in prose and verse,
As centre of the Universe.
We now know, space, as without border,

Though subject still to law and order.
This is a logical result
Of the inspired Copernic cult.
Copernicus, by word and deed,
Made evolution man's great need ;
While Galileo, who best fed it,
Will often hold a higher credit ;
A clarion blast too freely sounded ;
A diapason falsely founded.
He only ran Copernic's grooves,
When he repeated : " Still it moves."
Yet was he great, in spite of Popes,
Grand, with his pride and telescopes.
It is no longer philosophic
To trust in Gods anthropomorphic.
Copernicus, who heaven trod,
Proved we must not be-little God.
All stars are stirred, as proved to be,
By one vast Power. Polarity

The method ; so new thought has taught us.
To such great skill Copernic brought us.
Where he may chance to guide us next
We leave to time to broach the text.
He has already proved the source
Of many another new found course.
It was he who traced God's even mind,
Where passion could no entrance find.
How could stars run their constant courses
Urged by mad passion's reckless forces ?
Passions would dash them all awry,
Out of their trajects through the sky,
And bring about catastrophes
As sure as great guns on the seas.
But centrifugal, centripetal
Are calibre of different metal.
Great God, Who guides, doth guide alone
By adverse forces all His own.
And, if He sits upon a throne,

That special trait is hard to trace.
Yet, that His presence fills all space,
Is the fulfilment of His grace !
We say, such ordering must be,
Because of God's infinity ;
Because He is not formed like man,
And is not measured by a span.
We say that man is prone to sin,
Which with his soul hath origin ;
But, by all-gracious spirit movement,
The soul is sent for its improvement,
Helped by the wisdom of the mind,
Its foe, its friend, the two combined.
And not alone to laugh and sing,
As some would wish the chimes to ring,
But to be tried by suffering.
Is this for what it some time did
When in a former fashion hid ?
A thought once proffered with a tear :

“You oft have purgatories here.”

Kandec it was who made that thought

All prominent in all he taught.

And Bishop Pearson, “On the Creed,”

Avers : that men in flesh must need

Themselves be sufferers for their sins

When resurrection time begins.

“It is highly probable,” he says,

And on the words a stress he lays :

“That there shall be a resurrection

“Of the flesh, that every one

“May receive things in the body done

“Whether good or bad,” beneath the sun.

An apothegm well known to all

Who read the Epistles of St Paul.

He quotes that, after earthly strife :

“Man in the flesh will yet see life,

“Although the worms this body eat

“And its destruction makes their meat.”

As Job, in early days, had shown.
Was it the climax of his moan ?
The Bishop shows, that man's defection
Causes the body's resurrection.
This the Bishop doth recall
In his remarks, when quoting Paul.
Or, may be, that some great rewards
A resurrection life affords.
As the Bishop thus records :
"The Jews" (through other men bereaved)
"Their land by Covenant received.
"It is not said to give their sons,
"But to give them." His phrase thus runs.
"Since living they did not receive it,
"They must incarnate if they have it."
And thus accept the great reward,
Upon their grateful hearts outpoured.
This is the argument at need
Of Bishop Pearson, "On the Creed,"

A book which the young students read,
Under the head, with earnest study,
“The Resurrection of the body.”
In contrast to what he had said,
On expiation by the dead ;
To which St Paul’s opinions led.
Theosophists he did forestal,
When once he let the proverb fall,
That “Physical breeds physical.”
That is the light to lift the mist
Of every true Theosophist.
So thus in short, I put in view
The like opinions of the two.
Though whether they are wrong or right
Is not for me to shed a light.
But the body’s resurrection,
Invests it with the same infection,
And binds it with the same probation,
As Hindu reincarnation.

It is but plain that suffering here
For wrongs here ought to be severe ;
But getting back the Holy Land,
On which the Bishop took his stand
For meting out men's great rewards,
Which he in honest faith records,
No such strong argument affords.
For it is doubtful if the Jews
Would not such recompense refuse,
Leaving their lot, say, on our strand,
To take their lot in Holy Land.
They know too well when they are well off
To quit their banks and ranks, and sell off.
It is a pleasure passing words
To be made Baronets and Lords,
For men of all lands and religions
As different as hawks from pigeons.
And it adds much to gain and fame,
To have a handle to your name.

And few would like to drop their credit
Where by their name and fame they fed it.
One thing, above the rest, is plain,
Which counts in noting loss and gain :
If punishment is in the flesh,
It surely lands us in this mesh :
If punishment is in this form meant,
It cannot mean eternal torment.
On this we need no thought fore-casting :
Things in the flesh are never lasting.
Is it a man's sins, or his father's,
When he the great misfortune gathers,
The great misfortune to mankind,
That some of them may be born blind ?
We put the question for the race,
Not for a peculiar case.
For, in our case, the mind rests on
Elijah and the Baptist, John ;
Who first arousing woman's wrath,

Next, by a woman, met his scath.
It looks as if, as it may be,
She watched her opportunity ;
Waited her time for one more birth ;
And got revenge, at last, on earth.
But, I must add, I have not found
A proof to argue on this ground,
Yet barring blame or approbation,
My aim is honest speculation.
But that the Baptist was Elias,
I fearless claim, through Scripture bias.
That old, bad deeds may suffering
And grief to a new body bring,
Looks natural. We take our stand
From a strange tale in "Borderland,"
Broached in the famous "Christmas Number."
We would not have that tale to slumber.
It hath a root so deeply seated,
So it, last April, was repeated.

And it is well they should unearth it,
Forsooth the subject is well worth it.
A great truth, told with tact and ease,
The story of three Leonies.
Three Leonies, yet three in one,
From one poor mortal overdone ;
Which a skilled hand, at first, made clear
By photographs without a peer.
We should rejoice, to make all plain,
To see those photographs again.
Faith ! a good total may be reckoned
Through Leonie the first and second,
Though they are one, in two combined,
With conscious and sub-conscious mind,
Their words and actions strongly stirred,
By Wisdom, Leonie the third.
That tale was proved by hypnotism
And is no fraud, no pessimism.
The agents are of noble fame,

Science and honesty their aim.
The object was of utmost worth,
A triune being to set forth :
How the body, soul, and spirit,
Have qualities of diverse merit.
A body frail, in sorrow nursed,
Was seen in Leonie the first.
Malice and guile were grimly beckoned
Revealing Leonie the second.
While Spirit, though not seen, but heard,
Was felt in Leonie the third.
For, whatever acts besin you
“God’s kingdom still exists within you.”
Partial evil, universal good ;
Discord, harmony not understood.
The photograph portrayed the elf
So differing from the other self,
That one was lost in admiration
Of this new, ancient conformation.

Ancient, as taught through quests of might,
But new, through pictures by sun-light.
One saw, thereby, realisation
Of what is termed "transfiguration" ;
For, in the second's form and feature,
One thought one saw a second creature.
She was transfigured by the spell !
We saw her head and body swell !
And ah, how cunning ! Ah, how cruel !
One would say : "a demon at a duel !"
It was the picture of the elf,
The sign of the subconscious self,
Yet was the portrait of the first,
Whose soul had from its bondage burst.
But how unlike the kindly face
Of her of whom she took the place !
Giving her pain through this life's race !
Giving us all a theme for sorrow,
And thence a lesson sad to borrow.

We trust that, when the death occurs,
The two may exchange characters ;
And be rid of all the trouble
Of what it is to have a double.
Myself, I own, upon the whole,
I am prone to lay it to the soul,
Whene'er men say an ill-judged thing,
And on their motives comments bring.
Du Maurier shows : souls prove a strong thing
When they make tongues pronounce the wrong
thing.
Du Maurier shows : this is no fiction,
As he depicts, in each depiction
Of the old comic serial,
The famous " Punch " imperial.
Old, though I purchased it about
The day our old friend first came out.
And thus souls act in ways uncouth,
Strewing their owners' paths with ruth,

Like the cold East that mocks the South,
Bringing the heart up to the mouth ;
Like magic minions of the slums
To vex unwary mediums.
For more are such than care to own it ;
And more are such than yet have known it.
Yet, may be, for the good of others,
They gain their pain, and help their brothers,
Forming a silent psychic College,
To teach themselves and others knowledge,
Though it may be, with deep affliction,
Almost a long-drawn crucifixion.
Whene'er men show stupidity
By mincing words, or words too free,
By acts untempered by forethought,
By acts inane that come to naught,
One is apt to lay it to their souls,
When they are playing foolish roles.
I own I lay it to my elf,

Whene'er I most despise myself,
And so, I neither halt nor tarry
To make it useful, fetch or carry ;
Though it may seem a daring startener
To speak thus of the abiding partner.
It seems as though our doubles hate
The bodies, where they are tied by fate
Till freed by death's wide opened gate ;
And so resent their prisoned state,
And fret and fume and give all trouble,
Because they hate the state of double.
Spirits in prison they look like,
If words have meanings and can strike.
So we would ask ? Doth this appear
Like actual purgatory here ?
It has that issue, either way,
For each who suffers, night or day,
For those who murmur, those who pray.
Our souls, we know, are wide awake,

When our bodies slumber take.
This is a subject for concern.
It seems that we have much to learn
If it be fit : "that every one
Shall receive things in the body done."
Isabel Burton thus addressed
Her husband's shade : "Are you at rest ?"
The answer came sharp, from the risen,
"My wife, you are the one in prison."
This teaching history came to hand
In the last dated "Borderland."
Not to give any tedium,
Clever Miss X. was medium.
Brave conquerors then, those who aspire
To war against the soul's desire,
And the heart's army of affection,
By constant, earnest introspection !
The soul is prone to play its part
Through its affection to the heart.

It is the soul that, with a shock,
Would make its man a laughing stock.
The soul, I say, with conscience dead,
Sets man with self at loggerhead.
It is the soul which strikes the faction
'Twixt conscious and sub-conscious action ;
For, judging by the Leonies,
The soul loves ill, and good defies.
All this I hazard on the word
Of Wisdom, Leonie the third,
The wisdom that we ought to love,
The wisdom coming from above.
It is the soul that needs reverse,
E'en as an infant needs a nurse
To keep bad faults from growing worse,
And snatch a blessing from a curse,
Lest innate ill should e'en grow worse.
The soul is like a foolish mother
Who spoils her child for future pother.

We cannot wonder it so falls
If we be all what Darwin calls :
“Descendants of the animals.”
It must be thus, if it be right,
“That flesh should 'gainst the spirit fight,”
As churches everywhere indite.
And so, then, if, in every creature,
The soul is evil, by its nature,
We think we show them whence the gall,
And whence comes “sin original.”
Translators, feeling out of goal,
Shirked the great subject of the “soul,”
Which they, bewildered, rendered “life.”*
Showing that daziness was rife.
So we owe much to spiritualism,
Which puts us straight through hypnotism.
And, shallow as our insight delves,
We know men did not form themselves.

* Matt. x. 39, and John xii. 25, &c.

But, if the soul has double's dowers
Commensurate with external powers,
Yet, whatsoever be its mood,
It is vain to think it ever could,
Whatever may be thought or said,
Disprove communion with the dead ;
Though it is handled with that aim
By a great psychic searching game.
It is not alone gross matter plays
Its part, as known, in latter days ;
For, as in former, so in latter,
The soul is now, as always, matter ;
Matter we know somewhat refined,
And matter well endued with mind.
Here is a case for supposition,
Which images a true condition :
When men allege, by rule of thumb :
Ghosts are the souls of the medium,
Not only one self subliminal

Playing one only false part criminal,
But selves galore in multiplicity,
Of alternating eccentricity,
Showing all sorts of consciousnesses,
Getting into frequent messes,
By those consciousnesses' stresses
Acting on new consciousnesses ;
Rash consciousnesses which combine
To make e'en psychic searchers whine ;
As Miss X. did so well define,
When asking : " Where to draw the line ? "
In an oration wise and sober,
At James's Hall on last October.
In tackling this bewilderment
To lead us on a futile scent,
When men, I say, would sound the boom :
" Ghosts are the souls of the medium,"
I plainly set myself the task,
Succinctly, fairly, just to ask :

“ If such an one materialises
Sub-conscious selves of many sizes,
And, what the specious *savant* vexes,
Sub-conscious souls of different sexes ;
If, when alone, I see them shine,
If they be his, how are they mine ? ”
And yet, their theory, unfurled
Of consciousnesses wildly twirled,
Conciliates people with the world,
Which hates the very thought of ghosts,
And still of rational judgment boasts.
They think it best ghosts should be found
After a certain trumpet’s sound,
Which, as it tarries in its call,
(The trumpet ushered by St Paul) *
Some hope it may not sound at all.
The thought of ghosts, to peer or peasant,
Is sometimes more than quite unpleasant.

* 1 Cor. xv.

But Paul, we find, in later phases,
Assumed entirely different phrases.
Led by the Spirit in advance,
Was it clair-audience perchance ?
And subject to thought evolution,
He came, in time, to the conclusion,
That souls and spirits of the dead,
Instead of sleeping in earth's bed,
As he had once supposed and said,
Are always very much awake,
And see how much there is at stake,
And are "a cloud of witnesses," *
Watching us here in our distresses,
So, prompted by these wondrous hosts,
Paul went straight over to the ghosts.
Thus wise men, when they meet with spirits,
Learn to judge them by their merits,
As Dante did, when heard and seen,

* Heb. xii. 2.

Milton and Mary Magdalene.

To doubt the dead as seen and heard,
Or say they do, with doubtful word,
As men speak, by pre-judgment stirred,
Is quite as rash now, and absurd,
As it is quite ridiculous
To think that spirits here must rule us.
A single ghost, since the world began,
Authenticated as of man,
Proves the whole case for you and me,
In all its broad simplicity.
While, to deny that souls alive
Have sometimes power to contrive
To hold communion with ease,
E'en from the far antipodes,
Is a tact, I would surmise,
No longer safe, nor fit, nor wise.
These are old truisms, come to light
Of late years, to the world's despite.

Only we know, in thought transference
There must be mainly this concurrence :
In English converse, short or long,
Each side must know the English tongue,
And speak it with an accent known,
Like any talk in any town.
This has not been discovered yet
In isolated far Thibet ;
Though this remark is not our view
When said of our allied Hindoo,
Who knows our tongue and accents too.
Talk is not a mere case of lung,
Controls take years to learn our tongue.
But Telepathy is not all,
Though people on that error fall.
Its functions really do but hold,
A lowly phase, when all is told.
While, "The Duality of Mind,"
If we know how to search and find,

No more intrudes on spirit teaching
Than spirits on subjective preaching.
To the sixth sense both sound the same,
You know not which to praise or blame
Till you have judged their end and aim.
One is ourselves, in double guise,
The other lifts us to the skies,
Whence souls in legions may arise.
This can be safest understood
By searchers fed on angel food.
To take "duality of mind"
For spirit work for all mankind,
Is to teach psychical research
And leave real psychism in the lurch,
At least that of the higher order,
The psychism that exalts our border,
Like acting Hamlet at the fair,
Without the Prince of Denmark there.
To do this with the futile object

Of elevating one great subject,
The one where angels most obeyed,
Is paradox itself outweighed.
To elevate the elevated,
Is mortal power quite outweighed,
Psychic research held as mere proxy,
To stultify true orthodoxy.
Alas ! that men should so besmire
A noble method of research !
While seeking psychics, in the shape
Of seeking simply to escape
The wondrous, overwhelming fact
That spirit powers freely act
Upon our own and every nation,
Is but a mental aberration.
A problem yet remains to trace,
Is Leonie's a peculiar case ?
With some other souls it is plain,
A higher standard fain would reign.

We scarce can doubt, in other cases,
Progress has issued from life's chases.
We find this in the Christmas page
Which risked these speculations sage,
Induced by wise hypnotic aid
And by well ordered judgment weighed,
In Leonie we must detect
The soul exceeds in intellect
The poor, kind dame it doth infect,
Though steeped in evil passions dense,
And quite devoid of moral sense.
But one trait more we must perceive,
Which brings no rightful cause to grieve ;
It had to listen to a warning,
From which it could not flinch by scorning.
And so, who knows, but (when one ponders)
Such warnings might be working wonders,
Under the searching thought and word
Of Mentor, Leonie the third ?

Is it, then, by resurrection
That souls go seeking for perfection,
Alternate tests on earth, in air,
In every quarter foul or fair ?
Or, that true progress only rears
Its evolution in the spheres ?
“ This last,” cry modern Spiritists
And the bran-new Theosophists,
“ Is sapping old Reincarnation ;
“ Despising wisdom’s deep foundation ;
“ Abandoning, at one last swoop,
“ Like huntsman, with his final whoop,
“ The raising up again the body.
“ An act, in ethics, like Tom Noddy.
“ Like flinging forethought to the dogs,
“ Like leading men to dazing fogs,
“ Like Jack o’ Lantern to his bogs.
“ Scouting the tenets of Hindoos,
“ Thousands of years in fervent use.

“The test, too, of the Buddhist cult,
“Which marks out life as death’s result ;
“And then, again reincarnation
“As means of struggling soul’s probation,
“Whether in this or other planet,
“Where Providence may please to ban it ;
“Or—who can tell ? How near we know not,
“Nor how far off, sure records show not.”
They think : “Such change for man, a dunce,
“May always happen more than once.
“And what has happened once,” discern :
“As always subject to return,
“Until the time appointed comes,
“When he is raised above earth tombs.
“And that these thoughts are rational,
“Although they are not national.”
And this, at least, they know, at last :
“That souls unfleshed can travel fast.”
And this some know : “The patriarch Job

“Tearfully wailed, with many a sob,
“The trials of the flesh returning
“For further pain, for better learning,”
And then, they know : “In Christian Churches,
“Every one can find who searches,
“Seeking without disaffection,
“Traits of the body’s resurrection.”
We know this faith was kept in view
By any ordinary Jew,
Who believed reincarnation
As a genuine inspiration.
So we cannot express surprise
At finding some of them surmise,
Pondering on One, whose incarnation
Was their immediate contemplation.
“That He, perchance, was once Elias,”
For whom they might have felt a bias ;
Or, indeed : “He might aspire
“To be the prophet Jeremiah,

“Or some other prophet old.”
As in wide-world pages told.
And, on that ground, they well might seek,
Till taught by words of power to speak
Of what was with the Jews unique ;
And mark it as divine diversion
From happenings to each other person ;
Though all be born through pre-existence
As held by faith of long persistence.
And so a type is set before us
In the guise of Egypt’s Horus,
Born of a virgin, by the God
Osiris, to whom all Egypt bowed ;
As the faiths of prophets run :
“From Egypt I have called My Son.”
In ancient days it was allowed,
That if one was not of the crowd ;
A man might be a demi-god.
Men of those times could scarce be great,

Unless they rose from that estate.
They said 'Twas so, at any rate.
With this, mythology abounds ;
With this, its history redounds ;
And record plain we have of this
In chapter sixth of Genesis.
In Scott's novel of " The Talisman "
He tells of this, in Kurdistan.
Such is the tale of Saladin,
Wondrous as that of Aladdin.
In later days this grew more rare,
Until it came to disappear.
But it was told in Persia,
As it was told in India,
As it was told in wide China,
So it was said in Africa,
Ay, even in America.
Of each land's leader of their law.
Zoroaster from Persia ;

Chrisna, half god, from India ;
So China raised Confucius ;
So Egypt, son of Isis, Horus ;
And Mexicans will not refute
Their Montezuma's great repute,
Strongest of coincidences
Which folk-lore, here and there, dispenses,
Of which we have strange evidences.
He held the sun, like the Parsee,
As symbol of the Deity.
(It was the King of the Parsees
Who brought the Jewish nation ease,
As "charged by the Lord God of heaven,"
He brought this suffering people leaven.)
So Montezuma equally
Shone by great deeds of charity ;
He taught his flock civilisation ;
But failed to find conciliation
With his deadly enemies,

The red men, those fierce savages,
So he raised up high fortresses,
To check these wild men's progresses ;
And taught his flock their towns to build,
Witnesses of a noble guild,
Which travellers still so much perplex,
These ancient works of the Aztecs,
Ruins of cities far and near,
From Yucatan to Vancouver.

“ Desire to live at peace with all.”

That was his motto—But that call
The Spaniards did not suit at all.

Here is tradition of his birth
Which modern narrative sets forth ;

“ He came of a fair virgin pure,

“ Graced by each trait that could allure,

“ With character without a stain,

“ With vows a virgin to remain.

“ A dew drop on her bosom fell

“From the great Spirit,” so they tell.
“And from that cause” they still believe,
“The virgin did at once conceive.” *
With all this wealth of precedent,
Was it a futile accident,
That when the age should rise, to deign
For broader principles to reign,
Then Providence would sound appeal
From local claims to general weal ;
And new decrees would be unfurled :
Osirianism for the world ?
As the words of prophets run :
“From Egypt I have called My Son.”
Occult knowledge, so long kept
All dark, alone for the adept ;
Must now be published everywhere,
For every living soul to share,
To show : that all may seek to prove

* From Dr Bell's Foot Tracks in North America.

Their right to claim their onward move,
By personal sacrifice, led by love.
As men have long known by example,
And now learn by fresh knowledge ample,
Now new events great tidings bring :
"Communion as a common thing."
Taught by our chief of modern rocks,
A little child, dear Katie Fox.
From Egypt's fount the great translation,
From Egypt's fount reincarnation.
As it emerged from Africa,
So it emerged from Asia,
And, we may judge from a Decree
Eternal, Lasting, So to Be.
So, when the critic new will cry :
"Your boasted Christianity
"Is but a novel, bold re-treatment
"Of what was known by ancient statement."
We answer "Yea ! Because our statement

"Implies the nobler, grander treatment

"Of a great subject. And meanwhile,

"It spells the world; and not the Nile

"Alone, but is, for any nation,

"A key for our civilisation,

"The means which older systems ban,

"A light to lighten *every* man."

In these days of the printing presses

We have to face the critic's guesses,

When he condemns us, when he blesses.

"Existence is but incarnation

"Of Being? This for contemplation.

"As to the subject, 'Incarnation,'

"We urge its deep consideration.

"We love it, long to push it home,

"We hail it as the kingdom come.

"But will not change, in our rehearsal,

"Particular for universal.

"And demur to an ideal

“Which trucks the symbol for the real.

“And esteem it an aspersion

“To take the picture for the person.

“Who knows, if the time has come,

“The season for all Christendom

“To find, by early paths, new trod,

“Itself, its Saviour, and its God?”

We put in measure words of “Light,”

Seeking for a Christmas bright,

Searching for earnest faith alive,

In this December ninety-five.

We touch an early Christian 'Ism

Proclaimed as : “Neo-Platonism.”

And we are bounden to impeach

A system that would fail to teach

Progress by reincarnation ;

And can but scorn, a contemplation

Of the idea that would endeavour

To show that flesh can last for ever,

By some weird and strange affection
Following a general resurrection,
When, by a general muster-roll,
The body first regains the soul.
Or that men, caught up in the air,
Can ever being caught up, stay there,
Any more than fakeers at the fair.
Though, as has been already found,
Opinions change upon that ground.
As Newton showed by reason sound,
Giving a lesson good for all,
From the day he saw the apple fall.
Foretaste of Darwin's revolution
Of modern thought by evolution.
We think folks must be ultra clever
To prove that flesh can last for ever.
For this absurd and noxious spell,
Has done more harm than words can tell.
If so, 'twere well to get apprenticed

To a resurrected dentist.
Teeth are not flesh, and fall before
The body falls. And so, the jaw
Is not included in the lore,
Which tempts good men, like Mr Spurgeon,
To feel justified in urging,
When preaching on the pain and cost,
To those whom they denounce as lost,
Ever tormented, tempest tossed,
Opprobrious words to this intent,
Heinous ! however kindly meant,
Words that should be held aloof
If only for their lack of proof.
We slight these terms, once found emerging
From the lips of Mr Spurgeon :
“ When upon the judgment day,
“ Body and soul are joined for aye,
“ Body and soul shall be as one
“ And palpitate in unison.

“Thy soul shall sweat great drops of blood,
“While thy body quails with dread.
“Thy abject soul for ever aching,
“And thy body ever quaking.
“Having in boiling oil to strive,
“And coming out again alive ;
“Subject, for aye, to Satan’s stings,
“With every nerve as sentient strings
“On which the fiend his finger brings,
“Rousing for ever howls of Babel,
“Of hell’s lament unutterable ;
“With sullen moans and hollow groans
“And shrieks of ghosts in tortured tones.
“Your eyes, too, starting, through the sight
“Of blood, and woe, and hopeless plight.”
This, and much more, the more infernal
Because it claims to be eternal.
And all this eternal strife,
For deeds he thought, of one short life,

When it was not ourselves who made us,
But God, on whom we look to aid us.
We ask here, whence he could elicit
Terms so amazingly explicit ?
By what strange psychic influence ?
At whose command ? At what expense ?
Oh, the stint to shame and ruth
If mankind would hold to truth !
Here are strokes of maddening rabies
The Church of Rome has for its babies :
“ Little child, if you go to hell,
“ You will soon learn to know too well,
“ You’ll have a devil at your side
“ Where he for ever will abide.
“ Each minute he will soundly beat you.
“ That’s the way that he will treat you.
“ Ever and ever, night and day,
“ That will be his fearful play.
“ Each minute this amazing wopping

“ Will issue without ever stopping.
“ The first stroke will make body and nob
“ All sores and ulcers, like poor Job.
“ The second stroke on you, my lad,
“ Will make the sores just twice as bad.
“ The ulcers too, when once awoke,
“ Get twice as bad at the second stroke.
“ How, then, will your poor body be,
“ As your poor soul will live to see,
“ When the fiend, spite of all your tears,
“ Has whipped you a hundred million years ?
“ And all this eternal wopping,
“ Without one minute ever stopping.”

And this most melancholy tale
How oft told on a wider scale !
Witness the pictures we may see
On public walls in Italy.
Look, how the Vatican portrays
Eternal torment, in a blaze

Of lurid colours, for our gaze,
Where Angelo painted, in the van
Of horrors, for the Vatican.*
Assuming this is what is paid us,
For one short life by God who made us.
But then : it was His Church, we know,
Which made that great star twinkle so,
Painting false judgment of a goal
Where ponderous bodies join the soul,
On "The Last Judgment" of depravity,
Regardless of the law of gravity.
Which held its own till Newton's days,
And still stays, scorning blame or praise.
Thus, in small nurseries pristine ;
So, in the great chapel Sistine,
Rome has eternal woes for all,
From babes to ancients, great and small.

* Michael Angelo's picture of "The Last Judgment,"
in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican.

We know them adverse to the Word
Of Him they call their King and Lord.
And think : that modern knowledge leans
To punishments by other means.
St Paul once thought : man surely dies
But once, and then the body lies,
Till the last judgment day arrives,
Which settles man for aye, in lives.
His Master showed : that surely once,
Elijah came back by response.
And Bishop Pearson, "On the Creed,"
Tells a like tale, for students' need.
We quote from "Faith," a monthly Tract,
Thoughtful, earnest, and exact,
Of April ninety-one. Its fane
Is Southwell's, London, Ivy Lane.
It knows these agonies so rife,
Are threats for deeds for one short life,
By persons short in psychic lore

Not having probed it to the core,
When man his own self did not make
Nor always forms his own heart-ache.
“Faith,” with consistence to its gain,
Repudiates eternal pain.
And more, “Faith” all along has fought it :
That Christian leaders never taught it.
And plainly deems it is no schism,
When it finds, in a catechism,
A plea : that souls may lose their breath
At last, by “everlasting death.”
It is thus, it thinks, souls may abide,
If progress takes the losing side.
This is the doctrine we proclaim
Of Jesus. This His constant aim.
We find no fault with Mr Spurgeon
For scarce extraordinary urging ;
He who, put at the worst or best,
Had been misguided, like the rest.

We have no reason e'en to seek
If he had learned a word of Greek.
But we find fault, with protest grave,
With "wisely doing" men who have.
Bearing in mind : it is the "fire"
Found "everlasting," not God's ire :
And, as we know, by all forecasting,
All elements are everlasting.
We are ashamed of the translator
Of a plain word, who e'er could cater
With a light heart, dispensing sadness,
And driving many minds to madness,
As has accrued through the last words
That Matthew twenty-five records.
Methinks the feint here quite surpasses
Others all, in *Metastasis*.
In troth, we solely wish to speak
Of the translation, not the Greek.
" *Kolasis* " is the term so found,

Whose tone it is our pain to sound.
It means "excision, as a branch,
Cleft from a stock, alive and stanch
Whose felling is *death* to the branch."
It tells the *kind* of punishment,
By which the soul from life is rent
This same type we may elsewhere find,
A corresponding case in kind,
Which notes: "If men do not abide
In Me, and from My ways will slide,
They, as a branch, shall be cast forth,
Cut from the stem, no more of worth.
And so, having died and withered,
Are fit only to be gathered,
And to be burnt up by the fire."
A natural, actual funeral pyre,
A natural type of life and death,
Put before us in one breath.
So, surely we must blame the Churches

As answerable for these lurches.
One almost wonders if they brew
Their blunders with some end in view,
When they withhold the information
Known to so many men of station
That "punishment" is a false translation,
Especially on this occasion.
More ; contrary, in every sense,
To every past experience
Of the great speaker's eloquence
Invariably of one quality :
Conditional immortality.
Oh, it was a shameful feint,
To wound Him on the single point,
The only point where they could catch Him,
And meanly try to overmatch Him !
Contending with Him on that score
'Gainst all He ever taught before
Concerning the Great Evermore !

It was prompting, of an evil hour,
For seeking where they might devour,
For enhancing personal power
By giving import to a word,
Not the first, but last and third,
When the first they could adapt
Just to the purpose, true and apt.
As found in any Lexicon
Which they might lay their hands upon ;
Just the reverse of all inferred
By every motive of His Word,
And but a mere implied contingent
Of what the word's true meaning meant.
For it *is* punishment to be
Cut off from life, if fair and free.
That is the true sense here, and bent ;
And marks the *sort* of punishment :
Death to the shoot, a requiem launch,
Is this *excision* of the branch,

Cut from the tree so staid and stanch;
From life to death, transition rife
In contrast to "Eternal Life."
And so, once more, of parlance chary,
I send you to your dictionary.
Life and death in opposition,
Are a sure and safe admission ;
But the terms "punishment" and "life,"
Fall dead in contrast, show no strife.
Mark ! Honest truth, in this plain form meant,
Knocks on the head "eternal torment" ;
And chokes the sheer absurdity
That flesh in astral life can be
An integral reality.
This glamour sprang from Churches' tropes,
As well from pastors as from popes,
To palm, by every mode of strife,
Bodily pain on astral life ;
Prompted by the fierce endeavour

To keep souls suffering for ever ;
Unless redeemed, for Churches' glory,
By Churches' power deprecatory,
Shrouded by the crafty mesh :
That Jesus went to heaven in flesh.
That Paul, if caught up in the air,
Would, being caught, continue there.
A warp that never can be spun,
A trick that never can be done
Since faith, through knowledge, has begun.
They want to light us by their leaven :
That Christ took blood and bones to heaven,
Though all the former fell, in loss,
As He hung upon the cross.
We know His movements all surmised
Those of a shade materialised.
Now here, now there, and everywhere
Whither his mediums' movements dare.
And none on earth knew where He slept ;

Nor where He sojourned ; where He wept ;
How fast He sped ; what clothes He wore ;
Nor where He was an hour before,
During those forty days of dearth ;
When His form came, at times, on earth,
Always among his mediums,
In rooms ; on roads ; or midst the tombs.
A cure for the great ignorance
Was lit on lately, by mere chance,
Through parts of Peter's Gospel, found
In a tomb of Akhniem's mound,
Which showed : " That Mary Magdalene,"
Who, " with her friends," conversed, I ween,
With angels at the sepulchre,
Was told these words : Who says they err ?
" He is risen, and *has* gone thither
" *Whence He was sent.*" *That* was his whither !
The moment He left this world of strife
He went straight back to former life.

It is easier bodies here to move,
Than for their weight to rest above.
We think we see here, for the rest,
Why Peter's Gospel was suppressed :
For telling tales by Church unblest.
We who are versed, by sense aerial,
In matters of the Church material ;
We who, by knowledge new, are taught
The ways how ancient deeds were wrought,
Have marked the great alternative :
"The soul can die. The soul can live."
So it must be dire punishment
For souls of mortals to be sent
To death, who, by their quality,
Are born for immortality,
(Though this may be after ages
Of evil deeds, through evil stages,)
For, He Whose words translators shift,
Plainly describes *life* as "a gift."

“ I give to them eternal life,”
Are words that pierce, keen as the knife ;
That fells the branch from off the tree,
And—cuts off immortality.
Though giving men eternal death,
He would assume with the same breath ;
Yet everywhere impugned the stain
Of giving men eternal pain.
So may we, then, in simple sooth,
In this world seek to know the truth ;
In the world to come, for which men pant
Life everlasting, as a grant.
God lead us by His Spirit’s breath !
Keep us from everlasting death !
With Life Eternal as a grant,
Which mortals prize as man’s chief want,
While holding Everlasting Death
As the alternate monograph,
Our native Church, raised by this lever,

Repudiates pain for man for ever.

So, a Church with knowledge mystic,

Should shrink from ways materialistic ;

Holding great tenets from above,

Should force it from the childish move,

Th' absurdity : that flesh can rest

In ether by earth weight oppressed,

Unless upheld, as planets be,

Solely by bare polarity.

A church that weilds great thoughts supernal

Should not be mixed with views infernal.

But, there are thousands of our day,

Who think they know a better way.

Who likewise scout reincarnation

For so called " Higher Inspiration."

Who deem the body's resurrection

A foolish fiction of a section.

Join issue with the Calvin cry :

" That all men born will live for aye."

And say : " True progress only rears
Its evolutions in the spheres."
They plan a novel evolution,
Marking : " A Novel Constitution,"
And would teach some, to their surprise,
That old Faiths are a host of lies ;
Though, it may be, their own friends " there,"
Are scant in secrets of the air,
Which have been learned by long urged prayer.
So they are shortened, for the nonce,
Lest, they should know too much at once.
So, here is matter with a gist,
For every sort of Spiritist.
God willeth not that man should die,
But rather, should temptations fly ;
And, turning from his wickedness,
Should live ; and living, should progress.
So that, at the last, the soul may come
To His eternal joy, the home.

APPENDIX

WE read in the celebrated Christmas Number of the *Review of Reviews* for 1891 the following highly instructive details concerning the phenomenon of triune consciousness.

“Madame B., who is still under Professor Richet’s observation, is one of the favourite subjects of the French hypnotiser. She can be put to sleep at almost any distance, and, when hypnotised, completely changes her character. There are two well-defined personalities in her, and a third of a more mysterious nature than either of the other two. The normal waking

state of the woman is called Leonie I., the hypnotic state Leonie II.; the third, occult, unconscious personality of the lowest depth, is called Leonie III."

"This poor peasant," says Professor Janet, "is in her normal state a serious and somewhat melancholy woman, calm and slow, very gentle and extremely timid. No one would suspect the existence of the person whom she includes within her. Hardly is she entranced when *she is metamorphosed; her face is no longer the same*; her eyes, indeed, remain closed, but the acuteness of the other senses compensates for the loss of sight. She becomes gay, noisy, and restless to an unsupportable degree; she continues good-natured, but she has acquired a singular tendency to irony and bitter jests. In this state she does not recognise her identity with her waking self. 'That good

woman is not I,' she says; 'she is too stupid.' ”

Still more extraordinary are Leonie II.'s attempts to make use of Leonie I.'s limbs, without her knowledge or against her will. She will write postscripts to Leonie I.'s letters, of the nature of which poor Leonie I. is unconscious. When she can catch Leonie I. distracted, or absent-minded, as we say, she can direct Leonie I.'s walks, for instance, or start on a long railway journey without luggage.

“The spontaneous acts of the unconscious self,” says M. Janet, meaning by *l'inconscient* the entity to which he has given the name of Leonie III., “may also assume a very remarkable form—a form which, were it better understood, might perhaps serve to explain certain cases of insanity. Mme. B., during her somnambulism (*i.e.* Leonie II.), had had a sort

of hysterical crisis ; she was restless and noisy, and I could not quiet her. Suddenly she stopped and said to me, with terror, ‘Oh, who is talking to me like that ? It frightens me.’ ‘No one is talking to you.’ ‘Yes ! there, on the left,’ and she got up and tried to open a wardrobe, to see if some one was hidden there. . . . Again, she heard with terror the same voice to the left, saying, ‘Come, be sensible, you must answer,’ . . . and, in effect, as soon as Leonie III. was summoned into communication, she accepted the responsibility of this counsel. ‘What was it that happened ?’ asked M. Janet, ‘when Leonie II. was so frightened.’ ‘Oh ! nothing. It was I who told her to keep quiet. I don’t know why she was so frightened. . . . I am not this babbler, this mad woman. . . . We have no resemblance to each other at all.’ ”

Note the significance of this incident. Here we have got at the root of a hallucination. We have not only inferential but direct evidence that the imaginary voice which terrified Leonie II. proceeded from a profounder stratum of consciousness in the same individual. In what way, by the aid of what nervous mechanism, was the startling monition conveyed?

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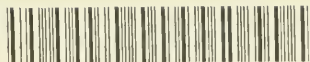
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